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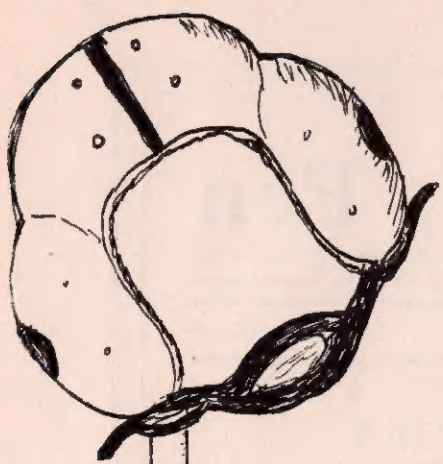


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C. Gilbert



From the EDITOR'S DESK

On Moral Standards

By Nancy Quirk '52

CLERGYMEN, educators, and thinking parents are greatly concerned over the decline in moral principles very much in evidence today. This decline is prominent among young people and yet they are not entirely to blame. For how can they be if they have never been taught to respect authority; if they don't know that games are played to develop character and a sense of fair play; if they think, as a result of outside influence, that inter-scholastic athletics are so important that they allow studying to become secondary and then feel they have to resort to cheating in examinations in order to pass and still be eligible for athletics? And if they find that they can make money by throwing a game, it is not too surprising that school spirit is tossed aside in favor of this because they have heard some of their elders say that money comes first.

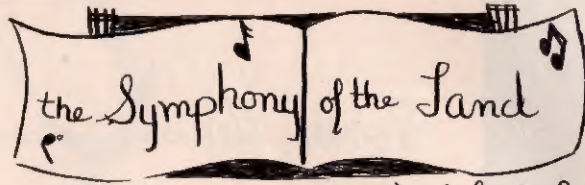
But it is not only in athletics and in the classroom that this decline is evident, but our form of government which is supposed to be the finest anywhere is showing more than vague signs of corruption. How can we show others that our government is so fine if this sort of thing is going on? How can we

expect men and women of high calibre to run for office when everything they do is likely to be regarded with suspicion? And how can we ever hope for world peace if all the things that were once of vast importance to us in our American way of life are now discarded? Ours was a simple way of life that men have fought and died for, but now a very wrong sense of values characterizes it. What has happened to the old-fashioned virtues like honesty, decency, consideration for others?

Success is the all-important object, but if success means lying, cheating, stepping on others, then it is high time that something be done to remedy this situation.

The idea is probably a carry-over from the last war, which was supposed to have been fought to gain the ideals that are so important to us. For during wartime, the generation now considered most guilty of going against our moral standards was imbued with the philosophy that a thing was all right to do as long as it was going to help win that war. This philosophy is acceptable during war-time, but afterwards, when the fighting

Continued on Page 26



by Michal Rubin

I
IT was sundown. David stood on the hill looking down upon all the fields of Tel-Noar, a co-operative farm in southern Israel. Behind him, but on the same hill, was the large wooden house used for meetings, festivities, meals, and general evening gatherings. It was equipped with a large, modern kitchen, a tremendous dining room with a red-brick fireplace, a smaller room, also with a fireplace, for the living room, and a small library. It was large enough for the one hundred people at Tel-Noar, but it was too small for David.

Dinner would be ready in an hour, but no smell of roasting meat was brought to him by the soft evening breeze. Where could one get meat in Israel?

"Noodles again," he muttered to himself. "Noodles and cheese, bread and milk! As usual." He glanced darkly at the homely building and then turned his gaze back to the fields.

Their beauty, as the sun tinted the carefully plowed soil a deep, moist red, their fertility, shown by the golden ears of tall corn and the sturdy, young green wheat, did not impress him. In all his eighteen years, David had seen nothing but these endless fields, and in his heart he hated them. To him they depicted all that was hard and ugly and repulsive; backbreaking work under a scorching sun—bending, lifting, sweating, straining—while in his mind, and heart, and soul, there was no time for work like this. He was young, and strong, and free; and his life was meant for music, not for farming! No matter where he was, or what he was doing, his thoughts would interpret his actions by music. When out in the fields, following or leading the team of horses as they pulled the

plow, the music of hate, fury, and defiance filled his rebellious mind. The theme was harsh and strong, and it became stronger as the day wore on, and as the sun grew hotter. He longed to rush into the cool depths of the unused library and fling his music onto paper; but, instead, he was forced to continue his work while the theme roared in his ears, louder and louder, until he was ready to shout with the beauty, the fierceness, and the strength of it.

Now, as he stood on the hill watching the people—his people—walking slowly, slowly from the fields to their rooms, the music in his mind was tired, relaxed, resigned. It was the music of the weary hearts and souls and backs of these poor men and women; it was the music of a farmer's evening; and, although it was tired and resigned, it was still the music of a calm, serene sun sinking below the horizon and sending its blessing out over the fertile land.

David's dark eyes saw two figures separate from the other men and women and come walking towards him—his parents. He made no move to approach them, but stood there, waiting.

Like all other children born in a kibbutz (co-operative farm) in Israel, David was not very intimate with his parents, because, of necessity, as soon as a child was able to live without his mother, he was put in the dormitory. Only married couples were allowed to have separate rooms. All the unmarried men slept in one large dormitory, while the unmarried women slept in another. The children, also segregated, had a separate dormitory which included a nursery for the very small children and also a school room for them. Besides that, there was another large building that housed all the grades through

last year of high school. In school, the children learned the different trades that they were best suited for or that they wished to learn; and when they became eighteen, they were allowed to choose their career. Few ever chose to leave the kibbutz, since most of them knew no other way of living. However, the fact that there was no home life or privacy bothered David. Ever since he could remember, he had been living in the dormitory with a crowd of other boys and only seeing his parents in the evenings. He knew his parents as well as he might have known distant relatives, and he knew his four brothers as well as he knew any of the other boys in the kibbutz. He was temperamental and very artistic, and his sensitive nature showed in his dark eyes and handsome face. Also, like a great many artists, he liked to be alone at times; and, at Tel-Noar, this was practically impossible. Because he asked for them, he was given piano lessons, and for his sake many new records were added to the meagre collection in the library. But this could not satisfy him. He was headstrong and stubborn, and rebelled against the work that to him seemed drudgery. To him, life was not worth living without music; and the music he heard in his mind kept crying to be written down. Sometimes, at night, he would go into the small library in the Olam (Hebrew name given to a large meeting place—in this case, the large house on the hill) and sit for hours, composing. In the back of his mind, he had an idea for a beautiful symphony, but he never had the time to begin working on it; even at night, it was useless.

"Today," he thought as he watched his mother and father slowly climbing the hill, "Today, I'll tell them. I'm eighteen now, and I must decide. Yes, today they must know."

His parents had reached him by now, and he pitied them when he saw their weary faces.

"Where were you this afternoon?" his father asked in a flat, cold voice.

"In the library." David's voice also showed no emotion.

"Why not in the fields?" his father's voice rose slightly.

"I worked in the fields all morning. Must I work all afternoon, too?" David flashed back "We did."

He was crushed. It was such a calm, simple statement, but its effect was tremendous. David's anger subsided, and he felt ashamed. How easily his mother could still his anger, and with such simple words! He looked at her and was suddenly encouraged. Somehow, he realized that she understood his yearning, his longing; her large brown eyes mirrored her soul, and in them he saw sympathy. "How beautiful she must have been when she came to Tel-Noar," he thought. "But now, she is old beyond her years." The olive skin that had once been soft and smooth was bronzed and wrinkled from the sun. Her hands, too, were rough and work-worn, and the slight frame was bent and weary. But in the deep-set dark eyes a fierce light still burned, a light that showed her heart and soul and mind were still young and fresh and strong, and that her thoughts forever faced tomorrow.

"Oh, Marta, my beautiful mother! You and only you can understand me," his heart cried out to her. "Help me to make my father understand!"

David was suddenly filled with a tenderness and affection for this wasted figure that was his mother.

Oblivious to his son's inner thoughts, David's father went on asking questions.

"You're eighteen today, David, my son. Have you thought about your future?"

"Yes," the boy answered slowly. "I have thought it over very carefully, and have decided."

"What?" the dreaded question was on his father's lips and in his mother's eyes.

"I have decided to go to Jerusalem!" he blurted out quickly. David stood tall and proud before his parents, his arrogance only making him all the more handsome. He was determined to have his way.

There was bitterness and disappointment

in his father's voice when he spoke again, "And what will you do there?"

"I'll show my music to Koussevitsky and then maybe compose some more."

"As if your music were worth his time!"

"No, Sol. Don't say that! David's music will be great someday." Marta watched her husband's face intently.

"Music!" he shouted, his face dark with anger. "Who has time for music when there is all this land to take care of? Who has time for music when each furrow must be plowed and sown and hoed with careful, caressing hands! Look at it! Look at it, David!" Sol flung out an arm in the direction of the fields. His eyes were animated by his deep emotion.

"Every field you see before you has been cultivated for the past ten years by the tenderest hands. This land which was once scorching desert is fertile because hundreds before us labored to make it so. Tears and sweat, blood and life have been given for this land! And you cannot sacrifice your music." This last was said in a sad whisper and the sudden animation was gone.

"Once, David," Sol continued, "Once when I was young, I, too, thought that music was all that mattered on this earth. Nothing else, to me, was as important as music. But I learned the hard way. You have come from this land, David; and, though you may not know it, your roots are firmly planted in it. Believe me, my son, you will never be happy in Jerusalem."

There was a deep silence. The sun had now gone below the horizon and a soft, rosy darkness began to envelop them. Never before, in all his life, had David heard his father speak this way; and still he could not believe him. The wise words, spoken with deep emotion, only stirred up the old hatred and resentment he felt for the land and the kibbutz.

"You're wrong, Sol," he said fiercely. "Never could I be happy on this land. I hate it, and I must go to Jerusalem. I must!"

"Where will you stay?" The words were

forced from his father's mouth. They were bitter and stale.

"At the King David Hotel perhaps," David answered nonchalantly. "Perhaps not."

Suddenly a shrewd gleam entered Sol's eye. "Whom do you know at the King David?"

The boy looked surprised, hesitated for a moment, and then said quickly, "Rifka."

"Ah, yes, Rifka." Sol's voice dripped sarcasm. "So, now we find the cause of it all—Rifka." he turned away, his eyes hard, but his shoulders drooping. "Come, Marta, we shall be late for dinner."

"You go ahead, Sol. I'll come in a few minutes," she answered.

Shrugging his shoulders, Sol started for the Olam.

"When will you leave, David?" she asked softly.

"As soon as possible. Early tomorrow morning," David muttered.

"Have you enough money?"

"A little. It will be enough I think."

"Then, here, take this." From the bosom of her dress she drew a small roll of bills and handed them to him. "I anticipated this, and saved them for you."

David could say nothing. He was suddenly choked with emotion, but he could not even say thanks.

"David," Marta whispered.

"Yes?"

"Promise me one thing, please," she was pleading with him.

He hesitated. "What?"

"Promise me that you'll leave Rifka alone. She's not good for you," Marta watched him anxiously.

David was silent for a moment, and when he looked down at his mother there was a puzzled expression on his face.

"But, Marta," he said softly, "I can't do that. It's impossible. You see, I love her."

Marta sighed and took his strong brown hand in her own. "Well, then, goodbye, David, my son. Take care of yourself, and



don't forget your family at Tel-Noar." There was a catch in her voice as she said this.

Before he could answer, she was gone and he was left alone in the damp darkness, his thoughts soaring out to the future.

II

It was late the next night when David arrived at the King David Hotel in Jerusalem. He was very tired, and his first impulse was to go straight to his room and sleep. But once there, the picture of Rifka burned in his mind, and he could not rest until he saw her.

Two years ago, Rifka had come to Tel-Noar for a weekend to help with the harvest, and David had fallen in love with her. But she was two years older than David and lived in Jerusalem, not on a kibbutz. Because of this, she always taunted him, asking him when he would leave the filthy farm and come to Jerusalem where people really lived!

Her words stung David, and his yearning to leave Tel-Noar became even greater. He wanted to show Rifka that he was not a mere farmer.

Now, in the King David Hotel in Jerusalem, with the picture of the beautiful Rifka burning in his thoughts, he hesitated before going to see her. Suppose she didn't want to see him; suppose she had never meant anything serious; suppose she had left Jerusalem; suppose—suppose a million things.

He called the Room Clerk, asked for Rifka's room number, and then dashed up to the twenty-first floor to see her.

The door to suite 2116 was slightly ajar, and the sound of gay laughter, clinking glasses, and music could be easily heard.

"A party," David thought. It was already after midnight. He knocked loudly at the door, and his heart leaped to his throat when he heard Rifka's low, husky voice say, "I wonder who that is? I thought everyone had come." Then she stood in the doorway; her lithe, slender figure outlined by the light behind her; her black hair curling recklessly away from her small oval face, and her deep, blue eyes, fringed with thick, straight, black lashes sparkled with buoyant laughter when she saw David.

"Well, David! This is a surprise!" she exclaimed. "Come in and join the party."

"I haven't seen you for a long time, Rifka," David said in a low voice. He could say nothing else. She was so beautiful.

His seriousness disturbed her. "It has been a long time, hasn't it?" she said gaily. "But now that you've finally left Tel-Noar, we can make up for lost time. Now be gay, because today is my birthday and that's why I'm having a party."

She led him into the living room and introduced him to the other guests. After being introduced, one young man said in a rather over-loud whisper, "Well, so this is her farmer! But he's only a boy!"

David was stung. He wasn't a farmer! He was a musician, a composer. And what difference did it make if he was two years younger than Rifka. Two years wasn't so much—or was it?

It seemed to David that everyone was whispering behind his back, and he became very ill at ease. The drinks Rifka gave him, and her complete indifference to his presence did not help his spirits either, and it was not long before he rose to leave with the excuse that he was tired after his long trip.

"Rifka, let me take you out to dinner to-

morrow night," he said when they stood out in the hotel corridor. "Just the two of us. I want to see a great deal of you while I'm in Jerusalem."

"Of course, David," she said smiling, and in her blue eyes there was a look of genuine pleasure.

Suddenly he held her close to him. "Oh, Rifka, I love you so!" he whispered passionately, then kissed her fiercely, quickly.

She pushed him away playfully and laughed. "You'd better go now, David. I'll see you tomorrow. Good night." And she was gone.

So it went for over a month. Rifka was expensive, and David wine and dined her in high style. But whenever he became serious about his love, she evaded him and became very gay and playful. Yet she never turned him away completely.

He composed many love songs for her during that first month; and she heard them once, then forgot them. Soon his money began to dwindle, and he found he could no longer take Rifka to the expensive "high spots." She was not content to go for a mere walk, or spend a quiet evening in the hotel, and, consequently, he saw less and less of her. The few times he was with her, he no longer had that feeling of ecstasy; instead, he was irritated by her champagne personality. At first he thought this was only due to lack of sleep, but at night he could not sleep. He turned restlessly in his bed, and paced the floor fitfully. He tried to work on his symphony, but his thoughts were also restless, and he always felt exhausted. Something was happening to him, but what it was, he did not know.

And then, after two months of this, he finally got an appointment with Koussevitsky.

The night before his appointment, David saw Rifka for the last time. He still had a small hope that she would return his love. Sitting in her apartment, he told her excitedly of his appointment with Koussevitsky, and

what it would mean if the great conductor liked his music.

"This is a wonderful opportunity for you, David!" Rifka exclaimed, but David could see that she was only speaking words and her thoughts were far away. Most likely she had not even heard all that he had told her.

He looked at her sadly for a long moment, and, then, he rose quickly and went to the door.

For one moment, he turned to look at her again. Strong emotion showed in his young face. "I'm sorry, Rifka—for both of us!" he blurted out, and swiftly left the apartment.

The girl was stunned. She sat looking at the empty doorway, and then with a wry smile and a shrug of her shoulders she said, "Well, you wanted him gone, didn't you? There'll be others!"

In his own room, David lay down on the bed and closed his eyes. Immediately a picture of Rifka's face drifted before him. He opened his eyes quickly and sat up. "I must forget her," he muttered. "I must!"

He lay down again, and again the deep blue eyes and black, curling hair came before him. But somewhere, from a distance, a weary voice echoed—"Promise me you'll leave Rifka alone, she's not good for you!" Marta, his mother, her face wrinkled, but her eyes burning with hope, floated into the picture. And then Sol, with his arms outstretched to the red, fertile land. "David, my son," he seemed to be saying, "Your roots are in this land, you'll never be happy in Jerusalem." The sun setting over Tel-Noar was in the background, and suddenly David felt at peace with himself. He slept.

The next morning David rose very early, gathered all the music he had composed at Tel-Noar and in Jerusalem and put it in a portfolio. Then he went down to the hotel Coffee Shop, had two cups of black coffee, and went out for a walk. For an hour and a half, David walked through the streets of Jerusalem, trying to relax and calm himself; yet when he returned to his room, his hands

were cold and clammy, and his heart was in his throat.

"Something important is going to happen today," he said to himself. "I only wish I knew now what it is." He sighed, glanced at the clock, and then went out again—this time with his portfolio.

Once in Koussevitsky's apartment, he relaxed. The small man with the iron grey hair and kind face who had done so much for the Israel Philharmonic greeted him with such warmth that any of his earlier fears were dispelled at once.

"I understand you have some music for me," and he smiled when David handed him the portfolio.

He went to the piano and began looking through the music. First, he played one of David's love songs, then a piece that he had composed at Tel-Noar, and then he leafed through the rest of the music. The room was absolutely still when he rose from the piano bench and confronted David.

What he saw was a tall, handsome boy of eighteen whose face was haggard from lack of sleep; but even so, his black eyes burned with a strange, fitful fever while the carriage of his head showed pride and determination.

"What is your name again?" he asked softly.

"David Levni," the boy answered.

"Where were you born?"

"Tel-Noar."

"A kibbutz? then that explains it."

David looked up in surprise. "Explains what?"

"How long have you been in Jerusalem?"

"A little over two months," was David's answer. "But what does that have to do with my music?"

Koussevitsky didn't answer. Instead, he went to the piano and began to play one of David's works.

"Why is it you didn't give titles to your compositions?" he asked.

"I could never think of any. Besides, I thought they were unnecessary."

"You're right," Koussevitsky continued

playing. "The music speaks for itself. When I hear this piece, I see the workers at Tel-Noar, your people, David, and my people, dancing after their work is done. They're happy because their lives have meaning and are worth living; but, underneath, there is an under current of doubt and worry: What will this year's harvest be? Will it be enough? Will it be good?" he stopped playing. "David, this music has a deep understanding and expression of the land. Now, listen to this." He began playing again, only this time, one of the love songs. The music tinkled through the quiet room. "This music has no expression. It is the song of a man who only *thinks* he is in love. Actually, he doesn't realize what he wants out of life. What he needs is to go back to the land and see his fields again, only then will he be able to see his future clearly." The conductor stopped playing, picked up the music and put it back in the portfolio. "Go back to Tel-Noar, David, and then you shall compose!"

But David did not even hear him. He seemed lost in a trance.

"The land," he whispered. "Now I know! My symphony! it's a symphony of the land! It's the music of the sun rising over the fields of Tel-Noar; of the wind as it bends the stalks of wheat to the earth; of the rain as it beats down on them; of the horses as they plod methodically through the red soil; of the people as they work and dance, and live and die; it's even the music of a summer night when the moon is big and the stars are bright in the inky darkness of the sky! Oh, yes, I understand it now! I can even hear the music. It's beautiful! beautiful!" He rose, and there was an expression of infinite happiness in his eyes. "Today—now—I'll go back to Tel-Noar," he said breathlessly to Koussevitsky. "Yes, today I'll go back and write my symphony of the land!"

The small man with the iron grey hair and the kind face smiled as the door closed behind David. "Go, and God be with you, David Levni," he said. "For someday, the whole world will hear and praise your 'Symphony of the Land'."



HALLOWEEN

By Marilyn Case '53

Hallowe'en
A frightening scream
In the dead of night
Lanterns spy
Through their eyes
Of shining yellow light.
In the mist
You hear a hiss
Black cats prowling 'round
Witches fly
Through the sky
Swooping to the ground.
Creaking trees
And in the breeze
Arms fell through the air.
You're standing here
Then disappear
To almost anywhere.
So don't go out
And run about
If it's Hallowe'en
Stay around
Safe and sound
Just don't be seen.

A PRAYER

By Patricia Fuller

A little girl beside her bed,
Had one more thing to do;
She bowed her tousled curly head
To pray for Jesus, too.



AUTUMN'S ARTIST

By Janet Lewis '52

He's a merry little artist,
Arrayed in dazzling white,
Who climbs into the tree tops,
Painting every leaf in sight.

The grass along his pathway,
Is changed to silvery hue;
And each object that he touches,
Receives a coating too.

He goes to every country,
On the North Wind he can ride;
And he nips the children's noses,
When he catches them outside.

Who is this happy creature,
Who never does get lost?
You've guessed him, and you know him,
For he is, of course, Jack Frost.

THE TREASURE

By Janet Lewis '52

There's wealth at the end of the rainbow
I'm told.
That's true say I,
For it ends in the sky,
And the stars are the silver; the moon the
gold.

The "Wireless" War

By Katharine Maguire '54

THE Smith's television set arrives today," Aunt Agnes remarked innocently and to no one in particular one morning as the family was assembling for breakfast. There followed a fast-moving and informative discussion concerning television in general versus radio (any kind), and revolving about various makes, models, and screen sizes of the new TV sets. The two boys were decidedly in favor of television. Dad, however, concluded the same old argument with the same old answer. "It's just too expensive for us," he said. I could see, though, that the boys were far from convinced.

When I arrived home from school that same afternoon, I found my younger brother, Tom, thoroughly absorbed in his favorite radio cowboy serial (his own six-guns in hand, of course.) It seemed that Slinky Sam and his outlaw gang were secretly plotting underhanded methods of outsmarting the law.

"Hi! What're you doing?" I addressed his unmoving form.

"Shussssh!" he said loudly and hissing. He made it evident that I had interrupted at an extremely vital moment of this extremely vital program.

I started for the kitchen. I spied Mother furiously mixing a bubbling, boiling mess on the stove. Her small, portable radio was perched precariously on a nearby table-top. It rapidly issued forth the following instructions:—"Now add a cup of hot water, a cup of cold water, a dash of salt, pepper, cinnamon, ginger—(Mother was snatching in all directions for her ingredients.)—Then the yolk of two eggs. Carrrefull! Now the beaten whites, and—O, I'm so sorry—my time for today has run out. But tomorrow same time, same station, I'll be here to give you the recipe for another delicious, delightful dish? Till then, so long!"

I went upstairs where Dave, already home from school, was tinkering with his favorite hobby, a shortwave radio. He stopped tinkering and sat back with great satisfaction as someone began to rattle off in a definitely Slavic-sounding tongue.

To complete the little family picture, I found Aunt Agnes (with radio) in her room. I groaned inwardly upon hearing this interrogation: "What should Milly do now? Should she leave Jim and try to find future happiness on her own? Or should she strive to mend their broken marriage for the children's sake? Listen tomorrow for the exciting answers for these and other questions."

So this was the family that wanted television! I could just see us, with one television set amongst us, each with his own preferences, fighting about which program we wanted to see.

At supper I told the family this in no uncertain terms. (Anything to subdue the boys I thought.) I had inherited certain traits of persuasion and speech-making from Dad, which made it easy for me. (Dad, by the way, had phoned to say that he would be late for supper, so we had started without him.)

However, in the midst of my speech, he burst into the room and announced: "Our television set arrives Thursday. Is everybody happy?"

"HOW?"

Writ by Sandra Rabiner '54

Mah english taint purfikt
An what is mur
Mah teechirs wont like dis
An dats fur sure.

A'm jes a littel sofmor
Cant kount ta ten
How'n the wurd did dis git in
Da stoodints Pen?

CAREER CORNER



DAN GRADY

A FRISKY little dog met us at the door of Daniel Grady's home. Grady is a patrolman on our police force who was our choice for an interview this month. His lively dog claimed our attention for a few minutes. When we were told that Peggy was nine years old, we couldn't believe it. She seemed more like nine months.

We received a warm welcome from the dog and also a pleasant reception from Dan Grady and his wife, the former Clare Fisher, a P. H. S. graduate also, whom he married this past June.

Daniel Grady is a tall, young man with a cute smile and an engaging personality. Our "Man of the Month" holds the interesting job of being a policeman. If you are ever walking down West Street late some night, (and let's hope you aren't), you may run into Dan. His hours are from 12 midnight to 8 a. m., and he patrols the West Street beat. Working nights is a disadvantage to his occupation, but all new officers are put on at this time. Although he may be extremely tired after a long night's vigil, he enjoys his work. It has a great deal of security as it is a civil service job.

Daniel Grady is a 1943 graduate of Pittsfield High School. In 1944 he joined the

Marine Corps. He trained at Parris Island for four months. Soon after this Mr. Grady was shipped out to the Pacific with the fourth Marine division. In the Pacific he was given five more months of training and then landed on Iwo Jima. After some hard fighting the division was sent back to a Pacific rest camp. The boys were then sent home according to length of service. Dan received his honorable discharge in 1946, two and one half years after joining the service.

After his release from the Marines, Mr. Grady worked for the Veterans' Service Department for a year. In 1947, he went to work at the General Electric but after three months of this job he was laid off. He then decided that he would like to be a policeman. He took and passed the Civil Service examinations in the last part of 1950. In February, 1951 he was appointed provisional patrolman.

Dan Grady has certainly had his share of excitement while working on the police force. He apprehended Jimmy Dunn who had made twelve breaks in Northampton with two other men. The night after these hold-ups, Mr. Grady discovered a "U-Drive-It" car in back of the Berkshire Fish Market on West Street. The car was locked. The police had been informed by Northampton authorities that Jimmy Dunn had taken one of these cars and had had it for seven days. The limit was four days. Therefore, Grady had something to go on. He checked the Pickwick Hotel and found that Dunn was registered there. He and two other officers, Harold Kitterman and Dan Greene, went up to Dunn's room and arrested him. There was little money to be found on Dunn's person but over \$200 was found in the car. The other two men who took part in the hold-ups have also been arrested. For his alertness, Dan was commended by Chief of Police Thomas Calnan.

Dan feels that his is an interesting occupation. He works hard at his job. After all, this "night life" won't last forever.

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COUNSELING

All seniors intending to enter college next fall should be thinking of more than one school. Early application would be of advantage to you, and for some colleges, necessary. Application to more than one college is advised. Complete information can be obtained through your counselor and high school administrators.

Any juniors or seniors who feel they may be eligible for a scholarship should see their advisor as soon as possible. It is important to have a high scholastic average, but extra-curricular activities play an equally important part. Outside activities, such as church and club socials, are considered as well as school activities. Most colleges require that you show your need for financial assistance.

Teacher-counselors for this year:

Grade 9 Miss Keegan, Mr. Walsh.

Grade 10 Mrs. Beahan, Mr. Conroy.

Grade 11 Miss Bulger, Mr. Tully.

Grade 12 Miss Kaliher, Mr. Reagan.

Whenever possible, make an appointment a day ahead to see your counselor. This makes it possible for them to allow sufficient time for each interview.

"If in doubt, see your counselor."

N.R.O.T.C.

Attention, senior boys! It is suggested that the senior boys taking the College Preparatory or Technical course investigate the advantages and opportunities of the N.R.O.T.C., Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps. Applications for N.R.O.T.C. are to be filed at Princeton, New Jersey, by November 17. Examinations will be held here in Pittsfield High School, December 8. The Navy furnishes necessary uniforms and pays tuition, laboratory fees, and any other instructional expenses. N.R.O.T.C. midshipmen receive \$50.00 a month to defray any extra costs, such as room and board.

On Wednesday, September 26, a movie on N.R.O.T.C. was shown to the senior boys.

This explained the purpose and importance of the Reserve. Any college or technical student interested should see Mr. Reagan, senior boys' counselor.

"THE DOME" WINS FIRST PLACE

Our congratulations to Miss Pfeiffer, adviser; Eleanor Vogt, editor-in-chief; John O'Brien, business manager; and the staff of the 1951 "Dome" for winning a first place in the Columbia Scholastic Press Association competition for school year books.

HOW DID HIGH SCHOOL HELP?

The Guidance Department is conducting a follow-up on the class of 1950. This is a research project on what the graduates, regardless of their high school course, are doing now. All information, which is to be kept strictly confidential as far as individuals are concerned, is going to be of great help to present and future high school students.

It is being determined how many of the college prep students have actually gone on to college and what courses of study they are pursuing; whether the subjects that gave the students more trouble in high school are still giving trouble; and if the subjects which came more easily are still less difficult. The extra-curricular activities in which the student participated in high school are important in discovering of what help to the student they are beyond high school.

The survey is continued to students of vocational courses to see whether these graduates are working at their trades or are in jobs connected with the trade. Graduates of the commercial course are being studied to find if their jobs are a result of their training in commercial subjects. And those who entered the armed forces are not to be overlooked. The department wants to know what rank they hold, in what branch of service they are in, what particular jobs they are doing, and if these jobs are related with their high school training.

The Berkshire Playhouse

By Dante M. Fresia, Jr. '52



SITUATED in the little town of Stockbridge is the Berkshire Playhouse, which for many years has been bringing to the residents and visitors of Berkshire County the professional theatre. The reply "no tickets available" is so often given to last minute ticket seekers. What reasons, you may ask, could there be for a "sold out house" night after night?

The Playhouse has a reputation for bringing to the public top flight stars; such as Tallulah Bankhead, a star at one time making yearly visits to the Playhouse; Ethel Barrymore, who, although she made only one appearance at the Playhouse, declared it was the friendliest and best run summer theatre that she had visited; Zasu Pitts, who, because of a peculiar superstition, insisted that everyone eat an apple before each performance; Lillian Gish, known as the first lady of the screen in the halcyon days of the silent pictures; Buster Keaton, affectionately known as the "great stone face" and tabbed by "Life" as one of the greatest comedians of our era; Mady Christians, the star in "I Remember Mama", the part she created both for America and England; Paul Hartman, television star, long acclaimed as one of America's outstanding satirists of the dance; Thornton Wilder, the famous playwright and author of such plays as, "Our Town" and "Skin Of Our Teeth"; and, last but not least,

Eva Le Gallienne, who, since the death of the beloved Jane Cowl, has been acclaimed the first lady of the theatre. The Playhouse also complements its casts with promising actors, some who, although they are not stars, are Broadway, movie, television and radio actors.

The old tale "A star is born" rings true at the Playhouse. Playing to the Straw Hat Circuit, as the summer theatres are frequently dubbed, have been a large number of unknowns who have risen to fame. Bill Roerick has appeared in many Broadway plays and was co-author of "The Happiest Years", which has just completed a very successful run on Broadway. Mary Sinclair has reached fame in television. Mary Wickes, appeared in numerous top grade movies; Katherine Hepburn played her first role on the stage of the Berkshire Playhouse, Jane Wyatt, Richard Ney, Maurice Wells, who at one time portrayed the role of Lamont Cranston on the radio version of "The Shadow", and Lenka Peterson, who recently made her film debut in "Showboat", have all gotten a start at the Playhouse.

To borrow another phrase "The play's the thing", we want to remember that players can't act without ammunition. Good plays are necessary to bring out the actors' talents. "I Remember Mama", "Harvey", "John Loves Mary", "Skin of Our Teeth", "Dear Ruth", "Thunder Rock", "The Glass Menagerie", "Goodbye, My Fancy", are among the top-flight productions seen here in recent years.

Unlike the day of the Shakespearean stage with its lack of scenery, in the present day theatre we not only find an elaborate stage but a backstage with its ropes, sound effect devices, switch board, and workers of many kind each doing a specific duty.

In the next article we plan to take you through a tour of backstage, and the "Red Barn" where the scenery is constructed.

The Phantom Ship

By Ellen Hogan '53



THE nets had been hauled up for the second day, and the hold of the fishing schooner, "Melinda", was rapidly being filled. It was thought that the nets might break with the load of fish they contained. That evening, Captain Jasper Blake was heading toward his cabin when he was intercepted by the boatswain who asked him to spare a few moments to speak with Ralph Saunders, first mate of the vessel, whom Blake had jailed for disobeying orders and telling the men to leave this area.

A frown settled on Blake's face as he walked toward the brig.

"Well, Saunders," he barked, "what is it this time—the same old story about not wanting to fish in these waters? I'm afraid on my next voyage I'll have a new first-mate".

"But, Captain, if we don't get out of here, there may never be another voyage. I was beginning to doubt until last night . . ."

"Beginning to doubt what? Speak up, man!"

"Well sir," began Saunders, "the legend connected with these waters says that anyone who dares to fish here will be taken by the 'Iceberg', a ship that sank here years ago. I didn't really believe it until last night when . . ." his eyes grew large and his face

took on an ashen hue as he glanced apprehensively about him, "when I saw it! I saw the phantom ship!"

"You fool! You dream about a phantom ship and then expect me to swallow a yarn about a sunken ship taking revenge!" stormed Blake as he walked toward his cabin.

"But, captain, wait—it wasn't a dream! Let's leave while we still have a chance! Come back, listen to me . . ."

The rest was cut off from Blake's ears as he slammed his cabin door. But he could not shut that pleading voice out of his mind. It tormented him until, unable to sleep, he went up on deck to try to erase it from his mind with the cool air and spray of salt water.

Suddenly from out of the oppressive mist, a form seemed to take shape. A ship!

"All hands on deck!" roared the captain.

In a few seconds he was surrounded by his men who stood at the rail gazing at the huge form bearing down upon them.

"Don't just stand there—do something!" cried Blake.

"It's no use trying to do anything captain," said one of the men. "That's that phantom ship Saunders warned us about."

As the ship moved nearer, they could make out her name—the "Iceberg".

Several days later this item made the headlines in a New England daily newspaper.

"Yesterday a fishing boat discovered the schooner, Melinda, abandoned by all of its crew except one. The survivor is Ralph Saunders, first-mate of the vessel. It has not yet been discovered why the ship was abandoned, as no leaks were found, and doctors could find no trace of a contagious disease. Although the waters nearby were alive with fish, the hold was empty. The survivor was in no condition to be questioned. He was found imprisoned in the brig, suffering from shock and apparently hallucinations, as he continually raves and mutters about an 'iceberg', and a 'phantom ship' . . ."

WHO'S WHO



CONCERT ARTISTS

Attention, lads and lassies! Here are Marcia Fink and Dick Moeller, our concert mistress and master, respectively, for the orchestra. Both of these busy juniors like dancing; and Dick also enjoys swimming and tennis, while Marcia prefers all sports. As for pet peeves, Marcia has none, while Dick's is English. It seems our concert master likes steak very much, while our mistress will take chocolate cake anytime. Marcia's activities, along with the orchestra, include THE STUDENT'S PEN and the Glee Club. Dick says he enjoys mechanics, for he plans to study engineering; and Marcia, history is her favorite.

MISS "CAPTAIN"

Seeing this young lady on the field cheering at our football games, I am sure you must know who she is. If not we'll introduce to you, Miss Marion Belanger, captain of our cheerleading squad.

Basketball seems to be Marion's preference in sports. As for food, she is especially partial to fried chicken.

Her ambition is to become an indispensable secretary. Let's all wish Marion the best of luck for the future.



"SAMMY"

All you football fans recognize this picture and so does practically everyone else. He is "Sammy" Adornetto, a very able half back on the football team. Sammy is also on the hockey team, but he prefers football to any other sport. The Yankees are tops with him in baseball and he favors the Tyler Aces in football. Sammy enjoys eating pizza, and his favorite pastime is listening to music.

His pet peeve is getting up in the morning. As for girls, Sammy answers the question by saying "I like it," "I like it." He is undecided as yet about his plans for the future.



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CO-CAPTAINS

Here are two fellows you've been hearing a lot of lately. They're the very able leaders of our football squad—Lou Kryznoski and Leo Gilson.

Other than football, Leo is active in "Hi-Y" and he is president of the Senior class; while Lou participates in basketball and baseball. They both claim a liking for steak, covered with onions.

In reference to their studies, Leo prefers Spanish; Lou, trigonometry. Their pet peeves center around physics and English. Lou thinks girls are "okay", but Leo prefers them "young and Mary."



INGENIOSA PUELLA

An altogether friendly person is our PEN School Notes Editor, Peg Navin. Someday soon she hopes to be a good enough nurse so that she won't inject somebody with a needle and have it break. (Don't suppose she has anyone special in mind, do you? Ouch!) Peg can be found playing volleyball and basketball or busily at work teaching someone how to jitterbug. If you could take a peek into the auditorium on Wednesday afternoons, you would see Peg warbling away in Glee Club, and if you looked in on Beta-Tri-Hi-Y meetings, you would see Peg counting the money (Hm-m-m). Good luck to a swell gal!



CONCERT MASTER

Soon the halls of P. H. S. will be echoing the soft refrains of the band, whose concertmaster is Ronald Hebert. "Ronnie," a trumpet soloist, is a member of the P. H. S. band and orchestra; he is also a member of the Berkshire Symphony Orchestra.

Chemistry and French are among his favorite subjects. Football and baseball captivate his interest in sports. The Purdue Boiler Makers are his choice in football. Ronnie's pet peeve is going to school, and his favorite expression is "Oh Gosh." Eating roast turkey with all the trimmings and listening to a Strauss Waltz are Ronnie's favorite pastimes. He is planning on a musical career, in which college is included.



CHEERLEADERS

By Gilda DeFazio '52

Our cheerleaders are great.
We think they are swell.
Our hopes are kept up
By just hearing them yell.

There's trim Peggy Stewart
And then there's Suzanne.
Try matching their spirit
If you think you can.

And then come the twins
And Connie Frieri.
Why, listening to them.
Makes anyone merry.

Captain Marion Belanger
And, of course, Shirley Snow
Help teach us the cheers
That we all should know.

And last but not least
Is petite Gerry Giard.
She never "forgets"
And always works hard.

In summing this up
I'll say to you all
You're the greatest of kids
And really on the ball.



Neil Lipsey, '51, has entered the freshman class at Colorado University in Boulder.

Carolyn Wagner, '51, is a freshman at Bouve-Boston School of Physical Education in Medford, Mass. Marilyn Thompson, '50, has returned there for her sophomore year.

Kenneth Wilde is getting ready for track at the University of Massachusetts where he is a freshman. Kenny won the Tommy Curtin award last year. Among other freshmen at the University are Anne Eberle, recipient of a scholarship; Richard Scarafoni, Ronald Allen, and Robert Reagan, the 1951 class president and winner of a scholarship.

Judith Cook, '51, is a freshman at Green Mountain Junior College in Poultney, Vt.

Beverly Hyde, who won a PTA scholarship, is entering Lowell State Teachers College.

Marlene Posner and Eleanor Hashim have entered the freshmen class at the University of Vermont.

Shirley Ann Denno has entered Pembroke College in Providence.

Terry Putnam is a freshman at Norwich University in Northfield, Vt.

Jane and Joan Phair have entered Bryant College in Providence.

Patricia Farrell, a cheerleader last year, and Jean Decelles have entered the freshman class at the College of St. Rose in Albany.

Jean Tuggy, winner of two scholarships, has entered Denison University in Granville, Ohio.

Elliot Perrett, who won two scholarships, is a freshman at MIT in Boston.

Diane Fairs, '51, is a freshman at Vermont Junior College in Montpelier.

Natalie Klein, who wrote Alumni Notes last year for the PEN, has entered Brandeis University in Waltham, along with Susan Goldstein and Melvin Nash, all of the class of '51.

Richard Snook is a freshman at Gettysburg (Pa.) College.

Carolyn Willis, '51 has entered Eastman School of Music at the University of Rochester in New York.

Robert Simmons has entered the freshman class at St. Michael's College in Winooski, Vt.

Allen Gwinnell, '51, is studying at Brown University in Providence.

Judith Vallin is enrolled in the freshman class at Russell Sage College in Troy.

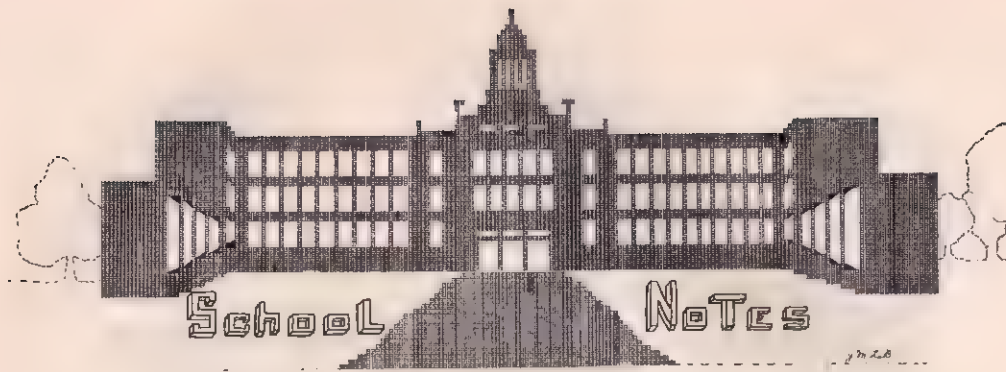
Frank Germanowski is a freshman at Clarkson College of Technology in Potsdam, N. Y.

James Garivaltis is a freshman at Penn Military Academy in Chester, Pa.

Edward Herberg, '51, former photography editor of the PEN, has been named to the photography staff of the University of Massachusetts' paper "The Collegian" and "Index", the yearbook.

Marianne Morrill, '51, and Evelyn Sanford, '50, have entered the freshman class at Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.

Peter Filipi, John Ferguson, John O'Brien, and Anthony Ross, all of the class of 1951, have entered the freshman class at Providence College.



Peggy Navin, Editor
Phyllis Martin, Dorothy McMurphy, Meta Miller, Anne Everest, Joan Sutton,
Patricia Smith, Judy Feder, Wilma Hooper, Sondra Sable, Jo Anne
Soldato, Katherine Creran, Homer May, Mary Bolotin,
Shirley Peach, Mary Ellen Da Silva

Introducing the New Faculty

STUDENTS, let me introduce to you these teachers who have joined us this year.

A friendly smile greets us on the third floor where we meet Miss Eudora Lapham, who comes to us from Pomeroy Jr. High to teach English. Miss Lapham obtained her Bachelor of Arts degree from Russell Sage College. Her main hobby is antique collecting.

In Room 335 we find Miss Jane Heaphy, a commercial teacher, who came to us from Searles High. She teaches both typing and shorthand. Miss Heaphy holds her Bachelor of Arts degree from Trinity College. Traveling has a high place in the heart of this amiable teacher.

Down in Room 108 we find our new Director of Music, Mr. Morton Wayne. He was formerly supervisor in all the junior high schools. Mr. Wayne is a graduate of New York University, 1941; and Columbia University, 1950, obtaining his Bachelor of Science and Master of Arts degrees respectively. Naturally enough his hobbies include music, along with reading.

Next we meet Mr. Granville Pruyne, who hails from Plunkett Jr. High. He teaches science and ninth grade mathematics. Mr. Pruyne holds a Bachelor of Science degree from the University of Massachusetts, where he majored in chemistry. He stated very quickly that his hobby is golf.

In spacious Room 149 we meet a native of New York, Mr. George Bagley, who teaches typing and commercial arithmetic. Before coming to P. H. S. he taught at the High School of Commerce in New York City, and the Heffley and Brown School, Brooklyn. A graduate of the United States Naval Academy, Mr. Bagley obtained his B.B.A. degree from City College of New York, and his M.A. degree from New York University. His hobbies are topped by photography and swimming.

In Room 150 we find a ninth grade English teacher, Miss Anne Flynn, from Central Junior High. She holds a Bachelor of Arts degree from the College of St. Rose and a Master of Education degree from North Adams State Teachers' College. The Boston Red Sox is Miss Flynn's "favorite" baseball team.

Last, but by no means least, let's meet Mr. Leonard La Mothe, a new teacher of General Metal Shop at Read School. He did cadet teaching at Buffalo State Teachers College, obtaining his Bachelor of Arts degree. He majored in Industrial Arts. Mr. La Mothe says he enjoys Pittsfield and Pittsfield High very much. Photography is this busy man's favorite stand-by.

We salute these new members of the faculty, and sincerely hope they enjoy teaching here.

MINUTE INTERVIEWS

In answer to the questions: "How does it feel to be back to school?" the replies were varied and enlightening. They went something like this:

BARB WOHRLE—Just "Walt"zin' around.

DICK WILLIAMS—I won't commit myself.

MURIEL DANIELS—It feels so jazzy.

JACK THOMPSON—Longer vacations!!

DEB CARLEY—Indescribable!

PAUL NASH—I'm trying to make it "Mary".

KITTY CRERAN—"Marty" fine!

WARREN MEARS—I lik' it, I lik' it a lot.

GILDA DEFazio—Censored.

RAY MEANDRO—School's OK but its the 180 days I don't like.

SHIRLEY BARTINI—Good.

NANCY QUIRK—It's so exciting!!!

ANNE EVEREST—Grrrrreat!!!

MR. SHERIDAN—It's difficult to start work after a long vacation, but the sense of doing something worthwhile is pleasant also.

GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club, under the able direction of Mr. Morton Wayne, held its first meeting on September twenty-sixth when approximately one hundred girls signed up for the year. As you pass the auditorium on Wednesdays after school, you can be sure to hear the girls' pleasant voices, accompanied by Connie Willis. Mr. Wayne has chosen some very lovely songs, as "The Lord's Prayer", "Ave Maria," and Christmas Carols arranged by Fred Waring. He also plans to have the Girls' Glee Club sing in the program at Christmas time. All indications point to a very successful year for the club.

The freshmen Girls' Glee Club held its first meeting on Thursday, September twenty-seventh. Also, the Boys' Glee Club held its first meeting on Tuesday, October second. We are sure that with everyone cooperating with Mr. Wayne it will be a very successful year for the Glee Club.



MEET THE FACULTY

Let's step into Room 212 for a few minutes and meet a teacher with a very pleasant personality, Mr. William A. Tully. He is very well known by everyone at P. H. S. I'm sure. A graduate of Dalton High School (and I quote: "too many years ago"), he attended Saint Anselm's College where he obtained his Bachelor of Arts degree; and later, North Adams State Teachers' College, obtaining his Master of Education. Junior boys all know Mr. Tully as their very capable counselor, who has taken the place of Mr. Reynolds, now principal at Allendale. If the solution to "x plus y" should puzzle anyone, he would be an excellent authority on the subject.

Mr. Tully came to Pittsfield High four years ago, after teaching algebra at Plunkett Jr. High; and Central, where he served as class advisor.

As for hobbies he says he enjoys reading very much. Baseball games—attending, talking, watching, and listening to them—are tops with Mr. Tully in the line of sports. He really likes them, does he not?

To any of you who plan on teaching as a career, Mr. Tully offers the following encouragement: "I think teaching offers the finest prospects for a useful and happy life."

We proudly salute a teacher who likes P. H. S. very much—Mr. William Tully.



A LAD OF PROMISE

Students, meet another new member of the student body. He is Louis Wynne from Leeds, England. Louis came over aboard the Queen Elizabeth in June, 1951. He admits he did get a little seasick on the way. However, the boat offered excitement for him. A Norwegian steamer in distress sent out an S.O.S. signal, which they saw; and they also encountered a severe storm.

Louis entered school when he was three years old, and at the age of ten, he passed a scholarship; from there he entered high school at the age of eleven. He has studied all branches of math; physics and chemistry; three or four different languages; geography and history; and the arts in one year. Again, these subjects are all required, and his favorites are Latin and French. Schools in England are not, for the most part, co-educational. The teachers wear black caps and gowns, and are called "Masters". He believes that there is less respect for authority in the public schools here than in England.

For excitement Louis is a member of the Boy Scouts—Troop No. 13. In England he belonged for five years and is now a Second Class Scout. He says that scouting systems are much more strict in England. Louis is certain he'll learn to dance, and also get along better with the girls. Television programs

fill up spaces in Louis' spare time. He prefers westerns and variety programs. Louis also likes sports even though our games are called differently from theirs.

He too has made the decision after tasting our American "specials" that "hot dogs with French's mustard" along with boiled potatoes and baked beans are best. To top it off Louis prefers a dessert called "home made trifle." It contains two flavors of jello mixed with bits of a home made bun or small cake, and a few drops of port wine or sherry. It sounds delicious.

For the future, he would like to study research chemistry at college. His mother, however, wants him to be a cartoonist.

Whatever you do, Louis, we all wish you the best of luck, and welcome you to P. H. S.

A BONNIE LASSIE

Here, students, is a new member of P. H. S. from Balmuir, Scotland, Carol Mulgrew, a bonnie lassie to be sure. She has not been here long, having arrived on the Queen Elizabeth only last May after an exciting trip. Carol comes from a large family—two boys and five girls—of which she is the youngest.

School, we learned, is quite different in Scotland; they finish when only fifteen years of age. Carol attended a convent school, Notre Dame; to get to it she had to ride a train every day. We are fortunate, because over there the students have no study periods, and are obliged to take three or four different languages along with several other subjects we call optional. Can you imagine having a summer vacation from June till only the 19th of August? Carol did. The school day is longer, too; it runs from 9:00 A. M. to 4:00 P. M.

For excitement Carol says she enjoys dancing and sports. In Scotland they have many large dance halls and livelier dances than here in America. Our game of baseball, it seems, originated from a game called rounders in Scotland. Football is a mystery to Carol

She wonders why it is called football when the players can touch the ball with their hands. Over there soccer is called football. Another activity that keeps Carol busy is not an unusual one: baby-sitting for her sister!

Although she has been here only four months, Carol has tasted and judged some of our foods. The traditional "hot dog" rates an "O.K." with her; ice cream, all flavors, is a great deal different from Scotland's plain vanilla. She likes her native cakes, dumplings, potato scones, and bread, however.

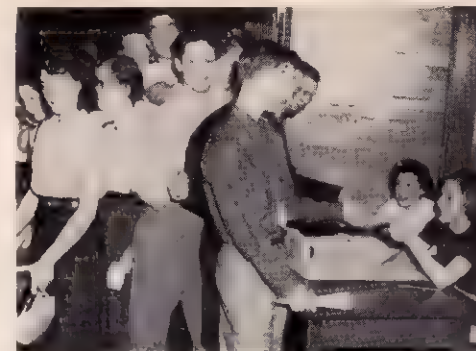
Carol says this about Pittsfield High: "I like it; it is quite different from going to a convent school taught by nuns. I haven't found anything to complain about."

We welcome you, Carol, to Pittsfield High and wish you the best of luck!

TECHNICAL NEWS

Recently, an important new piece of equipment made its appearance in B-9. It is a large electrical switchboard manufactured by the General Electric Company. Designed for both laboratory and industrial use, it will be used here for control of laboratory power. Its purpose is to provide a means of supplying power for laboratory work, incorporating switching and protective devices. The switchboard is made up of six units, three for alternating current and three for direct current. Each a-c unit is fed from the school power circuits which provide 120 and 208 volts. The d-c is obtained from two motor-generator sets. Here the a-c provides power to the motors which in turn drive the d-c generators.

Great care has been taken in the design of the switchboard to provide complete safety for those using it. There are no exposed live parts. To top it all off, although rear doors are provided on each unit for inspection, the doors are equipped with special switches known as interlocks. When these doors are open, all power is automatically disconnected.



Seniors prepare to vote in the final class election.

SENIOR ELECTIONS

The Senior Class has started off a bright year with the elections. The posters were clever and numerous.

The results of the elections forecast a successful year for the class: president, Leo Gilson; girls' vice president, Mary Lou Moser; boys' vice president, John Brennan; secretary, Theresa Supranowicz; treasurer, Shirley Bartini. Congratulations to the winners!

In elections for the senior class council, the following were chosen: Herman Taylor, John Weatherwax, Louis Kryznoski, Donald Jamross, Gerald Greenleaf, Katherine Lewis, John Fiorini, Louis Bailot, Barbara Bingham, Arthur Bailey, Anne Everest, William Donald, Barbara Lipari, William Lepp, Mary Lou Moser, Warren Mears, Eleanor Persip, Carl Ravazzoli, Shirley Snow, Bruce Symanowicz, Robert Elworthy, Kenneth Keenble, William Prout, Joseph Satrape, Ronald Adler, Nancy Carlopoli, Shirley Fetner, Yut-Ho Jew, Elio Morris, Shirley Madden, Richard Rivard, Irene Wojtkowski.

SENIOR CLASS COUNCIL

The Senior Class Council met Friday, October 19, and decided on some of the people who are to fill important Senior Class positions. They are Bruce Symanowicz, advertising manager of the Yearbook; Irene Smigel and John Fiorini, co-chairmen of the Christmas Decorating Program; and Art Bailey and Barbara Lipari, co-chairmen of the Cap and Gown Committee.



OUR MARCHING COLORS

No doubt you have all seen our wonderful band in action by now, either on the stage in the auditorium during rallies, or on the football field during the half. Here you see one of the largest bands yet, approximately one hundred pieces, marching right down the field, spurring spirit into the hearts of all.

Ruth Bondini, the very capable leader of our band, has been doing a fine job. She conducted them very well in straight formation down the field; then upon reaching the end, she turned them completely around in what appeared to be a very colorful maze. Next she led them back to the fifty-yard line; still they were all in perfect step. Here they formed an ample "P" for Pittsfield, the purple and white uniforms topping it off. Heartily playing "March Right on Down the Field", "Tough Luck," and our new cheer, "Now's the Time," they broke up the "P" and marched over to salute Adams. They again did a swell job over there.

Under the able direction of Morton

Wayne, our band deserves the heartiest salute and praise from everyone at Pittsfield High.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

Although the re-opening of school is just getting under way, the Senior Class of P. H. S. has already begun to make preparations for the coming year. As the principal attraction this year, the Senior Class has begun making plans to present a musical. The date for its premiere has not yet been set, but under the direction of our new musical director, Morton Wayne, tryouts will soon be getting under way. We know that everyone, including the Seniors, will be looking forward to this great event.

Under the efficient supervision of chairman, Marion Belanger, the last ring order has been sent in and is expected to arrive very soon. The Senior rings have met with approval, as is easily seen by the way they flash their shiny new jewels around the school.

RALLIES

Pittsfield High welcomed in the 1951 football season with a rally held Friday, September 14, in the auditorium. After a pep talk by Coach Fox, who made our school spirit swell considerably, this year's cheerleaders, Captain Marion Belanger, Sue Spellios, Shirley Snow, Gerry Giard, "Teen" and Barb Fox, Connie Frieri and Peggy Stewart took over and gave a very inspiring performance as they led the students through set-ups for the players and coaches, and in the familiar cheers. Accompanied by the band, under our new director, Mr. Wayne, (who received an ovation when introduced by Coach Fox), the student body and cheerleaders brought the rally to a close as they joined in on "March Right on Down the Field."

BOOSTER RALLY

"Now's the time we've been waiting for, The Pittsfield team's set to score and score."

The voices of the student body were very faint at the second rally, September 28, as they tried to follow the cheerleaders and the band, under the direction of Mr. Wayne, in a new cheer to the tune of "Dark Town Strutter's Ball". Voices were very faint until our able principal, Mr. Strout, in summing up his pep talk attempted to teach the new cheer, line by line, to the students. "Now let's try both lines together", he shouted. "I'm so excited the microphone is ringing." Enthusiasm was aroused in every student, and the rafters rang! It was a pleasure and a thrill for the freshmen, and even a greater one for the seniors, to listen and watch so grand a man exhibit what school spirit is.

A letter from our former musical director, Mr. F. Carl Gorman, was read, in which he expressed his wishes for one of the best teams ever.

Co-captains Leo Gilson and Louis Kryznoski were introduced by Mr. Strout and each spoke to the student body with the assurance that they, along with the rest of the team, had not lost their fight, despite the loss of two previous games.

TRI-HI-Y ACTIVITIES

The Tri-Hi-Y Clubs are now planning for the initiation of their new members.

Each of the clubs is to sponsor one big dance this year. The first two dances will be Beta's Harvest Moon Hop on October 20th and Gamma's Victory Dance on November 12. There will be no Oasis this year, but instead there will be a Saturday Recreation Night. This is still in the planning, but we hope it will be successful. Here's wishing the Tri-Hi-Y Clubs and the Y.M.C.A. a successful year.

The new officers for this year are as follows:

Hi-Y-Tri-Hi-Y Cabinet—Leo Gilson, president; Gerry Giard, vice-president; Shirley Snow, secretary; June Minkley, treasurer.

Alpha—Deborah Carley, president; Sheila McCormick, vice president; Betty Simmons, secretary; Pat Sturgeon, treasurer; Sally Reagan, chaplain-warden.

Beta—Jean Trudell, president; Sarah Morgan, vice president; Linda Rabiner, secretary; Peggy Navin, treasurer; Barbara Jordan, chaplain-warden.

Gamma—Shirley Snow, president; Shirley Dellert, vice president; Carol Walters, secretary; Marilyn Case, treasurer; Jill Farr, chaplain; Jane Whiting, warden.

Delta—Connie Frieri, president; Patricia Harmon, vice president; Barbara Fox, secretary; Emily Briggs, treasurer; Carolyn Ruberto, chaplain-warden.

Sigma—June Minkley, president; Patricia Gagnon, vice president; Marion Belanger, secretary; Dolores Barea, treasurer; Joan Robinson, chaplain-warden.

Zeta—Margaret Stewart, president; Mary Henriques, vice president; Suzanne Spellios, secretary; Claire Ferris, treasurer; Nancy Albano, chaplain; Barbara Radcliffe, warden.

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The Motion Picture Club held its first meeting September 21. Officers elected were Harold Byrdey, president; Elaine Bosma, vice

president; June Mendel, recording secretary; Jean Barriere, corresponding secretary; Robert Snow, treasurer; Mary Bolotin, librarian; Wilma Hooper, chairman of the Reporting Committee; Roger Healy, chairman of the Program Committee; Sam Cohen, member of the Program Committee; Martin Betters, chairman of the Sunshine Committee.

At the first meeting, there was a discussion of movies seen throughout the summer. The club's pictures for the month are "David and Bathsheba", "Saturday's Hero", and "Jim Thorpe".

VOCATIONAL NEWS

As usual the vocational department of Pittsfield High was in full swing very early. Many of the jobs left over from last year are now being finished. Aside from those, many new ones have been added. The woodwork shop is starting four new drafting tables to be used in the drafting department. These tables will take about three months to complete. Besides these, an extra large table for special jobs has been purchased from the Mayline Manufacturing Co. for \$125.

Again for the drafting department, the sheet metal shop is building new water tanks used in making blueprints.

Bicycle racks for the public schools are being assembled by the welding shop.

The printing shop really has quite a job to do this year and probably will get many more like it in the future, now that they have their new monotype machine completely installed. The job is that of putting out a book called the "Harvard Report", which consists of 180 pages. This is by far the largest book they have ever put out, a job that would be very difficult without the monotype machine.

One monotype will produce enough type and material for the Graphic Arts Classes of the new junior high schools as well as the printing department of the vocational school. The monotype system of typesetting

consists of two units, the caster and the keyboard. It is a marvel of ingenuity and will stir the imagination of the boys.

Type is cast at an average of 150 letters per minute. The monotype keyboard is based upon the standard typewriter keyboard. This is acknowledged as the fastest arrangement of keys for typewriting or typesetting.

Getting away from all this talk of work, we would like to turn to sports for a change. With the help of a few shop instructors and some of our boys who have done some research, we have found that out of only 300 vocational school boys, more than half have made up our major sports teams, this year and many other years. This shows that the boys are really skilled and fit, mentally and physically. The boys have something besides their work to be proud of.

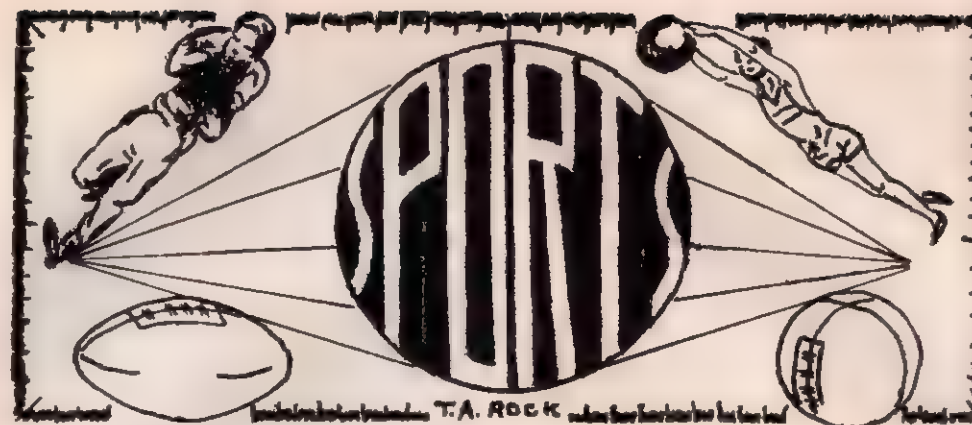
On Moral Standards

Continued from page 3

comes to an end, we are supposed to make a complete transition and live by the ideals for which the war was fought. But to make such a change is difficult and the reasons for making that change seem difficult to understand. Yet if the people go on with the same philosophy that prevailed during the war, what was the point in fighting the war at all?

There is an urgent necessity for a confirmation of the basic principles that success must be judged primarily by the integrity of the method which has brought about the accomplishment and secondarily by the fact that it has brought some of the material rewards of life with it.

The wisdom of this is best exemplified by a look at the type of person that appeared before the recent Kefauver Crime Investigating Committee. Prison, to us, doesn't seem more desirable or more comfortable or less dishonorable because you arrive there in a convertible and a well-tailored suit.



PITTSFIELD LOSES SEASON OPENER

By Art Johnson

Pittsfield High lost its first football game of the season to Greenfield High at Wahconah Park on September 17. After an uneventful first quarter, Greenfield recovered a Pittsfield fumble on the Purple 5 early in the second period. A penalty against Pittsfield put the ball on the 1. Mike Owseichik cracked over for the first Greenfield score. The conversion was made by Billy Lewis, the Greenfield captain.

The second Greenfield T.D. came when Jim Budrewicz of the visitors intercepted a pass from Chuck Garivaltis and ran the ball to the Purple 38. Two plays later, a fumble by Owseichik was scooped up by Lewis, who ran for the score. The try for point was wide.

The second half was a struggle up and down the field with neither team scoring. The longest runs of the game were made by Garivaltis and Frankie Reid. They were of 54 and 33 yards respectively.

P. H. S. CONQUERS HOLYOKE, 21-15

By Bob Strehn

Well, it finally happened! On Saturday, September 29, at Wahconah Park, an underdog Pittsfield High School football eleven turned the tables on Holyoke High as they came from behind with a scant four minutes

remaining in the game to win 21-15 and snap an eleven game losing streak which has extended over two seasons.

Pittsfield again scored early as it marched 73 yards in 16 plays to score on the opening kick-off. John Fiorini went three yards on an end sweep for the touchdown. There was an exchange of safeties later in the period. Frank Reid was trapped in his own end zone for the first two pointer, but Fiorini regained the six-point lead by stopping Holyoke's Noonan behind his goal line minutes later.

Holyoke scored twice in the second period.

With four minutes left in the game, Guard Harvey Robinson, who has been playing great defensive ball in the last two games, intercepted a pass on the Holyoke 27. After two unsuccessful running plays, Jack Thompson faded far to his own right and pitched to Lou Kryznoski behind the goal line for the Purple's second touchdown. Reid smacked through the middle for the extra point, tying the score at 15-all.

On the first play after the ensuing kick-off, Jerry Greenleaf recovered a Holyoke fumble at the 32. Several plays later, Chuck Garivaltis, bum leg and all, skirted his own left end for the winning touchdown. Much of the credit for the winning score is due to Frank Reid, who threw an atomic block, erasing

three Holyoke defenders and clearing Garivaltis' path to glory.

The victory fulfilled the promise made by Co-Captain Leo Gilson in the conclusion of his address to the student body in the pep rally preceding the game. As Leo phrased it, "I'm sure if you don't let us down, we won't let you down." They didn't.

No enthusiasm could exceed that of Lou Kryznoski's as he exclaimed, "this is the game we needed. Now we'll take them all."

TECH EDGES PITTSFIELD, 14-12

By Bob Strelin

A courageous second half comeback by the Springfield Technical eleven and the all-around brilliance of the fleet-footed Archie Williams proved to be a little too much for the Pittsfield High squad, but you never would have guessed it from the spirit displayed by the delegation of Pittsfield fans following the game.

Two bus loads of wildly enthusiastic Pittsfield rooters stormed the gates of Springfield's Pynchon Park on Saturday, September 23, about thirty minutes before game time. An uncovered section of the grandstand extending along the left field foul line was a pleasant surprise to the fans who have become accustomed to hard bleacher seats with their football games.

Pittsfield appeared to be completely in command in the first half and well on its way to its first victory since November 11, 1949. John Fiorini opened the game by returning the kick-off to his own forty-one yard line. On third down with nine yards to go, Quarterback Jack Brennan completed a pass to Co-Captain Lou Krzynoski for a first down on the Tech thirty-five. Four plays later, old reliable Chuck Garivaltis romped to another first down on the six, and on the next play Frank Reid bulldozed his way through the center of the line for the score. The attempted conversion went astray and the score was 6-0.



In the closing minutes of the first quarter, Bob Elworthy recovered a blocked punt, giving the Purple a first down on the Tigers' twenty-six. Several plays later, Garivaltis drove to a first down on Tech's one yard line, from which Frank Reid cracked over for his second touchdown. The kick for the extra point again was wide.

Seconds after the ensuing kick-off, Chaclas recovered a Pittsfield fumble. An offside penalty and a five yard dash by Williams gave Tech a first down on the Pittsfield thirteen. Visconti later plowed across from the one. Williams rushed for the extra point.

With approximately two minutes left, Pittsfield began rolling downfield as Jack Thompson replaced Brennan in the Pittsfield High backfield. But the fickle clock, which is the deciding factor in so many football games, frowned on Pittsfield as time ran out with the Purple still in possession of the ball in Springfield territory.

The singing, cheering and general good sportsmanship displayed by the Pittsfield students on the way home after the disheartening defeat caused Co-Manager Pete Shaffer to remark jokingly, "I hate to think of what would have happened if we had won the game!"

PITTSFIELD TROUNCES ADAMS, 14-7

By Carl Maynard

Appropriately enough, it was booster night at Wahconah Park on Friday, October 5, and the Pittsfield High eleven probably had this in mind as they took the field before a sellout crowd of 5400, the largest crowd to storm the gates of the Wahconah Street stadium in five years.

In a savage forty minutes of running and charging, Coach Fox's rejuvenated football team upset favored Adams by a score of 14-7. Running and blocking superbly, Reid, Garivaltis and Fiorini, alone, gained 380 yards on the ground. Savage tackling by Rufo and Garivaltis successfully curbed whatever ambitions the Adams team might have had in the way of victory.

After a scoreless first half, the Pittsfield team drove 60 yards, with Fiorini running twelve yards for the touchdown. Sophomore Lou Sweeney, newly discovered place kicker, converted. Just before the end of the third quarter, Adams' Paul Comeau intercepted a pass from which stemmed the Adams touchdown. This tied the score at seven-all. However, on the second play after the kick-off, Chuck Garivaltis, still suffering the after-effects of a bad leg, raced 56 yards for another score. Again the kick for the extra point was good.

This win was a great personal triumph for Coach Fox, but when asked to comment on the game, the modest mentor gave all credit to the team, stating proudly, "The kids ran their hearts out for me."

Faculty Director Connie McMahon called it "One of the best high school games I ever saw."

And Chuck Garivaltis, who made the winning touchdown sprint, was overheard to say to his jubilant teammates, "You guys deserve it, not me—whoever opened up the hole." The general consensus seems to be that Chuck deserves a little credit, too.

Girls' Sports

FIELD HOCKEY

By Paula Coughlin

With autumn here once again, the janitors must despair of ever being able to grow grass in a certain spot behind the high school. Here the more sprightly girls pursue the exciting sport of field hockey. If you happen to see any girls limping slightly and nursing skinned knuckles, you may be sure they have been playing hockey.

Although rugged, this sport attracts a great number of girls, especially among the sophomores—poor, unsuspecting individuals! The sophs, even though inexperienced, show great promise. Among such a multitude of candidates, it is difficult to select the most outstanding, but some of the prospective team members are Carolyn Turner, Barbara Dellert, Marsha Gerlach, Shirley Miller, Helen Noon, Christine Bonnavier, Joan May, and Mary Lou Snook.

The juniors also came out in force to display their talents and collect their share of aches, pains, and bruises. Most of last year's dogged team have returned to try to regain their positions, but there are many very good newcomers who may displace them. Among the hopeful juniors are Sally Reagan, Carolyn Keefe, Carol Walters, Barbara Limont, Mary Gabriel, and Pat Noon.

The seniors are back again, determined to win their first field hockey tournament in three years of playing. Although there are fewer aspirants than for the junior or sophomore positions, the seniors, having more experience, stand a good chance of success. Barbara Marsters, Mary Ann Komuniecki, Susan Cook, Linda Milne, Janet Gerlach, and Phyllis Gale are just a few of the seniors who enliven the girls' sports area on Tuesday afternoon.

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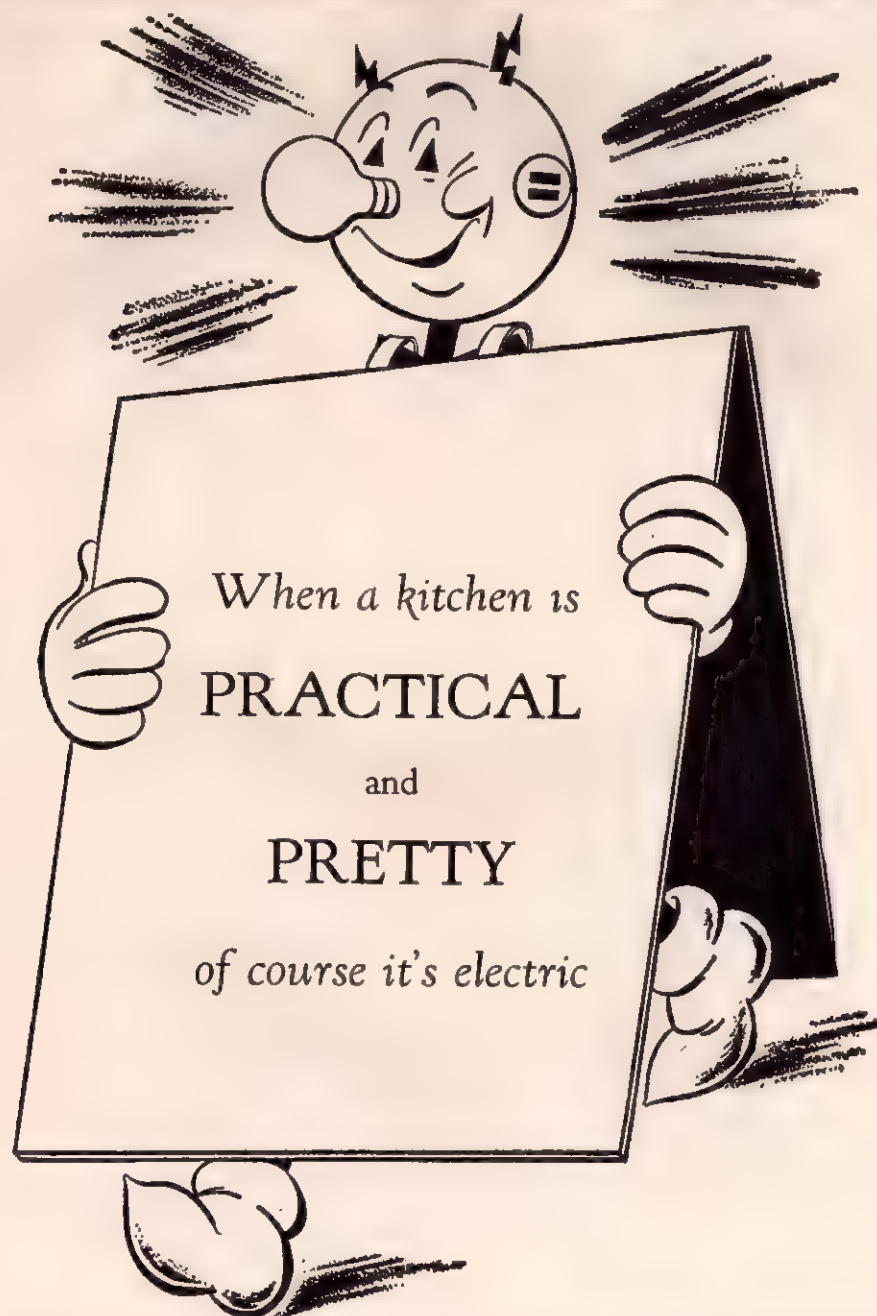
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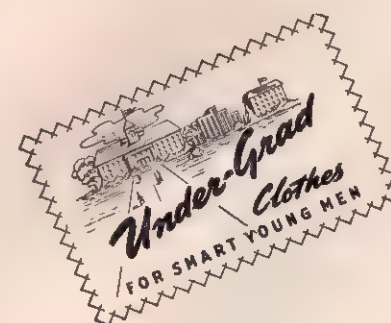
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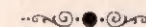
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Pittsfield
Telephone 2-1576

LATEST DIVIDEND **2 1/2 %**

SHODDERS

IRCE

LH
974.42
X67
PHS
1951 Oct



October 1951